THE EMERALD

AND BALTIMORE LITERARY GAZETTE.

MILLE TRAHENS VARIOS ADVERSO SOLE COLORES.

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ORIGINAL.

FOR THE EMERALD.

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

That the human mind is influenced essentially by local circumstances, universal observation would sufficiently demonstrate. The lofty, snowcapt Andes, and the emasculating climate of Italy seem each to affect in equal, but contrary proportion, the *minds* and dispositions of the surrounding population. If we examine the characters of individuals who have prosecuted with noblest energy and with most eminent success the impulses of their ambition in the department either of war or of science, we shall find them regulated and modified by those peculiarities, for which their respective nations have been distinguished. To the influence of many and of varying causes the fact may be attributed. The hypothesis which have been advanced upon the subject, and the reasonings by which they have been maintained are intricate and ingenious.

Difference of climate and the external appearances of nature, may contribute much to the formation and direction of national character. The enfeebling rays of an Italian sun, which enervate the mind and melt the very soul of man, are calculated to [illegible] in an important manner the advancement of literature and the arts; and while they render the imagination more vivid, and extend the dominion of fancy, are yet unfavourable to that solidity of mind, that intellectual strength, which characterize those nations where the influence of heat is not so powerfully exerted. The wild, uncultured Scottish highlands, her impervious mountains and jutty cliffs, have engendered in her sons a bold and martial independence of soul, which can ill brook the yoke of tyranny. This daring spirit burst its ignominious fetters in the reign of Edward I. when the immortal Bruce and Wallace were roused to her defence. It is in scenes like those which Scotland can afford, that liberty will find a home. It is where nature has unveiled her boldest features, that man is made to feel that he was born for freedom. Who can contemplate the majestic rivers of our own country as,

——————— "with unabated force
In silent dignity they sweep along,"

and not be ready to exclaim "there liberty dwells." But that climate is not the sole director of national character, is sufficiently demonstrated by contemplating for a moment the melancholy state of literature in modern Greece. No change of clime could make her what she was, when Homer sung! No sun could inspire her degenerate orators with fire like that which sparkled on his lips whom Philip feared. The poetic soul of Byron could not trace the classic ground which once resounded to the praise of heroes, whose equals modern days have seldom seen, without lamenting in language glowing with inspiration, the decline of Grecian grandeur. The purest strain of melody were sung while his eye rested upon those celebrated rains, which once re-echoed the joyous revelry of Grecian freemen.

"What cannot active government perform,
New moulding man!"

The effect of government upon the literature and by consequence upon the character of a people must be evident to all, who are in the least conversant with the rise, the progress and decline of ancient nations. But we need not refer to Greece and Rome, those brilliant stars of antiquity, to substantiate this assertion. The country to whom we owe our being as a nation, to whom we are indebted for many of those blessings, civil and political, which we enjoy, England, whose literary institutions posterity will admire, bears witness to its truth. The study of English literature is replete with interest—it affords a field as extensive and diversified as the most investigating mind could desire.

We have here another cause presented which has exercised an important influence upon the character of nations—the force of example.

It is astonishing how prone the public mind has ever been to adapt itself to the pursuits and dispositions of distinguished and powerful rulers. When kings and princes have devoted themselves to science, the spirit of enquiry has pervaded their respective nations. It was thus with England while Alfred swayed her sceptre, and with France when the fourteenth Louis reigned—devoted to pleasure in his youthful days, the ruling passion of the times was for lascivious enjoyment—when age had thrown its silvery mantle over him and calmed his feelings, when the dictates of religion supplanted those of pleasure in his breast—the character of his subjects was proportionally altered: they relinquished profligate pursuits, and resumed their rosaries and missals. But Russia stands a conspicuous example among nations, of what one active mind, when clothed with power, is able to effect. From the rayless depths of barbarism and ignorance, he whom the poet has styled "first of monarchs," exalted them to a rank among the nations of the earth, which but a century before, the most enthusiastic imagination could not have anticipated. But we need not multiply examples; history is full of them.

We have alluded to climate, to government and to example, as tending each of them to modify national character. May we not as Americans rejoice in the bright prospects of our country? There is no excuse which we may plead why our character as a people should not be as exalted as that cause was holy in which our fathers died. The grandeur of our mountains and the majesty of our rivers inspire the soul with lofty, with generous feelings. We have bright and living examples among us to stimulate to exertion. Our government, based upon the principles of liberty, and administered by the energy of freemen, extends its patronage to all who may deserve its favours.

Our fathers sealed with their blood our freedom, which is our best inheritance. They have placed us upon an eminence far above the level of European nations. Our faults are cavilled at, and the acknowledged superiority of our political condition renders envy but more ingenious to detect and to expose our errors.

Let us continue to improve, that our character may be as perfect as our institutions are wise—that our land, as it has been acknowledged the favourite resting place for the oppressed, may be respected as a land of intellectual energy.

SELWYN.

FOR THE EMERALD.

REFLECTIONS OF AN IDLE MAN.

No. V.

Fort McHenry must always continue to be a spot, dear to the recollection of every Baltimorean; as an object of interest and as a site presenting a most beautiful prospect, it is worthy of a visit from the stranger as well as the native. To the former, the commanding view of the harbour, the Lazaretto, and the river as far as North Point (emphatically called "the point of honour,") enlivened with shipping and stretching forth its glowing waves, as if to invite commerce to come and dwell on its bosom cannot fail to excite a pleasing degree of interest. But other feelings and the recollection of other scenes present themselves to the native. On this spot the passage of an invading foe to our fair city, was successfully contested. It was here that the fate of Baltimore was decided; from this flag-staff waved the proud emblem of our safety; toward this object through the whole course of a dark and eventful night, were fixed the eyes of many an anxious mother, sister and lover; this was their "cloud and their pillar;" whilst the star spangled banner maintained its place, they felt assured of safety, and though fathers, brothers and friends were exposed to the consequences, they welcomed the light from "the rockets red glare and bombs bursting in air," which revealed to them the proof that their gallant defenders were still unconquered. The name of the hero of Fort McHenry is intimately connected with my subject. His bold and decisive conduct during the bombardment, gave him a character in public, which was only equalled by the respect entertained by his friends for his private worth. The pen of the historian will not pass quietly over the 12th of September, and in tracing the account of the late war, if justice be done to the subject, in a conspicuous place on the roll of fame, amongst those who have deserved well of their country, will be found the name of Armstead.

Another name is presented to our recollection which the citizens of Baltimore will not soon erase from their list of heroes. When the revolving year shall find us seated at the social board, commemorating the glorious event to which we have alluded: whilst enjoying the privilege of freemen in celebrating the anniversary of our victory—whilst our hearts and our glasses are full, let us pledge, with feelings of pride and exultation, the memory of the captor of the Hyder Ally and defender of Baltimore—the brave and gallant Com. Barney.

But little remains even at the present day to remind the visitor of the defensive powers of Fort McHenry. The unhealthiness of the situation at particular seasons, together with their being no necessity for their services, have caused the removal of most of the troops, the guns are mostly dismantled, and the place like a post admiral's flag-ship, bears only the external impress of what it has been. The star spangled banner waves quietly over these walls which were once illuminated by the glowing bomb and the flashing cannon; stillness pervades these ramparts which once echoed to the report of the thundering artillery, and the whole Fort presents as placid and peaceful a contrast, as the surface of the ocean when calm after having destroyed an Armada. But time which

sweeps away with unsparing hand "the chieftain's trophy and the poet's volume," will continue to shed a lustre on this interesting spot, and in ages yet to come, even should the mouldering remains of its mossy walls be scarcely discernible, the antiquarian in his researches will pause over the ruins, and dwell with peculiar complacency on the account of the gallant defence of Fort McHenry.

TO THE MEMORY OF COL. ARMISTEAD AND COM. BARNEY.

The soldier and sailor now sleep in the grave,
But their deeds are remembered in story,
Though peaceful they lie where the willow-trees wave,
Their names are encircled with glory.

The scene of their valour neglected now lies,
But should foes dare again to draw near us,
The examples of Armistead and Barney would rise
In our breasts to inspire and to cheer us.

Whilst thy waters, Patapsco, around ye shall wave,
Whilst the star-spangled banner floats o'er ye,
Thy walls, Fort McHenry, their mem'ry shall save,
And a monument be to their glory.

The traveller who roams to our far western lands,
Will pause o'er his grave* as he views it,
And yield up the tribute the hero demands,
Whilst with gratitude's tear he bedews it. B.

* Com. Barney died and was buried at Pittsburg.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MR. EDITOR—The following is a part of the grand political drama, which I promised to send you some time since. *Being on the fence*, as I told you before, and not being able to see the *strong side*, I am, of course, an impartial dramatist; and as Major Longbow says,

"Pon my soul 'tis true,
What will you lay it's a lie?"

—— *Your's*, FLONCK.

A DAY IN BALTIMORE.*

A POLITICAL DRAMA.

Scene 1st.—A breakfast table; grand display of journey-cakes, buttered muffins, soaked toast, cups, coffee-pots, &c. *(Soft music, representing the hissing of hot coffee.)*

Mrs. K. Will you take another cup, Mr. S?—this is real Jackson coffee, and you cannot drink too much of it.

Mr. S. Madam, I never drink ground hickory; if you give it another name, I may be induced to repeat my dish.

Mr. A. Will you take some Adams butter, sir?

Mr. L. No, sir—it tastes of cod-fish and pumpkins.

Miss K.—*(raising her voice above the rest)*—Bless me! Mr. S. what makes you carry *sich* a long face? I reckon the late election has *did* your business for you; as I understand you lost a hundred dollars *clear grit*, by betting too carelessly.

Mr. S. Thank you for those administration muffins, sir. Why, miss, if I lost, I won too—for I bet on both sides; and I'll bet you a new silk gown against a beaver hat, that Maryland gives eight for the administration.

Three gentlemen *(speaking at once)*—Done! I'll bet you!

Three other other gentlemen. Done, I'll back him!

Mrs. K. La! gentlemen, one at a time. I'll bet you, Mr. S. that *Pensylcania* goes two to one in favor of Jackson.

Mr. A. Done, madam—I'll stand the bet.

Mr. L. Sir, you've upset my coffee. I'll bet you fifty dollars if Jackson's elected, you'll be taught better manners.

Mr. A. *(rising)*—What do you mean by that, sir?

Mr. L. Do you fear to stand the bet, sir?—Jackson's offices will be filled by gentlemen.

Mr. A. Then, sir, you may calculate on staying at home.

Mr. L. *(rising)*—Do you mean, sir,——

Mr. A. Yes, sir, I *do* mean—and I'll bet you——

Mr. L. That you're a puppy, sir!

(Music, representing the *turning of the tables—striking* arguments on both sides; hornpipes by cups and saucers; kitchen maid's bravura; spilling of claret; possession of the *floor*, and great discomfiture of petticoat politicians.)

Scene 2d. A barber's shop—*Cato* and *Peter* stropping razors. Bells ringing for church.

Cato. To-day Sunday, an' no customer yet. Guess no beard grow dese hard politic times. Gineral Jackerson git president, plenty ob good times den.

Peter. What you bet, Cato, he no get President? Massa Adams no hold slaves same like Gineral Jackerson, an he man dat knows what's what.

Cato. I'll bet you 'leven pence-gin' a fip, dat Jackerson go in by a large majority.

Peter. What you mean by majority, Cato?

Cato. Why he dat beat 'todder all holler, hab what we call majority.

Peter. Den I bet you Jackerson no be president.

Cato. Done!

Peter. Done!

(Enter Mr. Button and Mr. Sheepish.)

Mr. B. *(rubbing his beard)*—I want an Adams-shave, Cato.

Cato. Den, massa, you hab a yankee *take-in*.

Mr. S. Ha! pretty good, Cato—You're for Jackson?

Cato. Yes, massa, nigger hab a 'pinion well as nobody else.

Peter. You no know for why you Jackerson man; you say so cause you got no sense.

Cato. You lie, you d——d nigger.

Mr. B. I'll bet you what you dare, Cato, that Jackson will be distanced this heat, if there's no jockeying going on.

Cato. How much you bet? I shave you one year, 'ginst ten dollars.

Mr. B. Done! Which is your Adams' razor.

Peter. Dis one, massa—he cut like a nort wind, an' I bet you he nebber shave Gineral Jackerson.

Cato. I shave you, sir, wid a Jackerson razor.

Peter. 'Tan out o' my way, Cato—de gepleman's for Adams.

Cato. Go way *you!*—what you got to do wid it; don't you push me 'gin.

Peter. Yes—I 'trike you too.

Cato. What you bet——

(Music, representing the clashing of *barbarous* politicians—confusion at the *polls*—getting into the *suds*—*woollens bill*—discomfiture of *block-heads*; concluded with a general *brush off*, and all in a *lather.)*

Scene 3d. The interior of a church; preacher in the pulpit, descanting on "the dangers of political excitement.

Mrs. Wiggins. *(whispering to Miss Wrinkle)*—That preacher's a Jackson man—I know it from his talk.

Miss W. What will you bet?

Mrs. W. I'll stake five dollars upon it—for I'm certain I heard him say something about "our own vine and hickory tree."

Miss W. No, you're mistaken; he said "our own vine and fig tree."—But I hope he is a Jackson man, for he has it in his power to do the cause much service.

Mrs. W. Humph! I think your cause needs some powerful auxiliary—it's in a desperate situation now.

Miss W. What will you bet that we don't get a majority of one half in Pennsylvania?

Mrs. W. One half! bless us! I'll bet you ten dollars to five that you don't.

Miss W. Done!

Mrs. W. Done!

In the mean time, the rest of the congregation are supposed to be asleep, till Queen *Mab* is put to flight by the doxology.

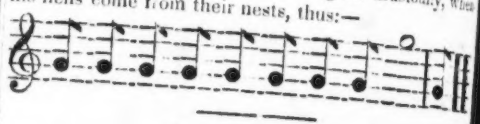
CURTAIN FALLS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MUSICAL COCKS.

AMONG the many wonders of nature, that are daily coming to light, are two *singing Cocks*—which, according to the "American Minstrel," have been received by the editor of the "American Farmer," from Mr. Wright, Consul at Rio Janeiro. They are called, by the Portuguese, *Conta yalla*, or singing cocks; and are said to sing in the modern style of *Italian adagio movements. (!!!)* Is not this "a cock and a bull story?"—If not, would'nt the managers of our theatre do well to engage them for a few nights, that the public might be delighted with an Italian *cock-a-doodle-do!*

If what William Dennis says, in a work on music, published many years since, be true, cocks may be taught great execution in the vocal powers. He observes, that the crowing of the cock is musical, "and doth allude to the perfect syllables of the word Hallelujah," and that "the cock doth sound a perfect eighth musically, when his hens come from their nests, thus:—



E.

FOR THE EMERALD.

MR. EDITOR:—The following is an extract from "Sanscia's new System of Instruction in music as a science: or a true basis to the self-instructor for the Piano Forte."—Would not the gentleman do well, to explain what he means, by putting the fair sex in the minor, or *flat* key? Perhaps he may say, because they are of *minor importance*, and should, therefore, be put among the mules, who are said to bray in the minor key. Your's, &c.

DEMISEMIQUAVER.

METAPHOR—"Major and minor key in music, may be considered as the two sexes in society, viz—major to the male, and minor to the female. The major in music being entitled to a 7th, the minor must relinquish to the major the priviiege of agency in transcending, or modulating from a key to another whether major or minor."

SELECTED.

THE YOUNG SOLDIER.

A STORY lately reached my ears, connected with a young soldier, belonging to one of the regiments upon this station, which has something in it of a romantic character and at all events is singularly affecting. It gives to humble life a new charm, and shows, from the realities of the world, that the affections may spring up as strongly but purely and be ready to make for their object as romantic sacrifices under the cottage roof, as under the ample and gorgeous halls of fashion, and of pride.

The young soldier to whom I allude was a native of Wales; the son of respectable parents, and brought up with the comfortable notions which belong to the class of independent yeomen. Through some unfortunate circumstances, his father was reduced from a state of comparative affluence, to extreme poverty—one misfortune followed another in rapid succession—his rent accumulated upon his head, and at length being totally unable to meet

his obligations, and without prospect for the future, the landlord became clamorous, and he was consequently sold off and ejected from his farm. The old man himself had to become laborer, and his children were under the necessity of casting their bread upon the waves of the world. Henry, the second son, naturally of an ambitious temper, could not bear the degredation of the family, and hastily determined to join a recruiting party, who were then beating up strength in the village: but the resolution had scarcely been carried into effect, before he would have given worlds again to be free. Poor Henry had one object which bound him heart and soul, to his native soil.

In the neighborhood of his father's cottage there lived a farmer with a large family of daughters, with whom there had grown up in his heart a strong affection. Mary returned it--and, in the simpleness and guiltlessness of their young hearts, they had betrothed themselves one to another, long before prudence offered any prospect of their marriage pledges being accomplished. It mattered not—they had pledged their vows. Judge of her situation, then, when she witnessed Henry's fall—imagine her feelings when it had reached her that he had enlisted! He came to bid her farewell, but he could only say it with the bursting of his heart, and the eloquence of tears. She wept upon his neck, and beseeched him not to leave her; but his tie was not to be broken, to break it in truth was not now within his power.—Mary becoming sensible of this, formed the heroic purpose of leaving her father's roof, and joining her fortune to her lover's—the next morning she hired herself as a servant of the recruiting officer, and the same night these two young mountaineers bade adieu to the scenes and the friends of their native valley.

Shortly afterwards the regiment was ordered to this station, and fortunately Henry and Mary were passengers in the same vessel, and thus enjoyed frequent opportunities of whispering to each other those loving thoughts which were beating at either's hearts. Upon landing here their separation was almost immediate, for the officer took quarters at the extreme end of Dutch Town: while Henry was stationed at the North Barrack. Unable to meet as they were wont, the lovers pined in absence.--Henry had soon become disgusted with the duties and confinement of a soldier's life, and one night, about three months after his arrival here, stole from his quarters without leave, and made directly for Mary's residence.—Their meeting was a happy one—hours glided by, and Henry, insensible to time, at length woke from his dream, and altho' when he had left, he had not formed any deliberate plan for desertion, was afraid to return.—He confessed at length to Mary the uneasiness which was preying on his mind; and she, with that promptitude and daring which distinguish the female character in all strong emergencies offered to furnish him with one of her gowns, and to leave the town with him immediately for the country. She had saved about three pounds, and with this to pay their travelling charges, and with the buoyancy of young hearts, they set out on their perilous adventure.—They had not proceeded far on the road round the basin, before they heard a noise, behind them, among which Henry recognised the voice of one of his comrades. Mary and he immediately left the road, and cowered among the bushes, and now they began to feel the desolatedness of their situation, and the danger to which they were exposed, in a strange country, and among strangers. For two days they kept beating about the woods, in the neighbourhood of the basin, but at length hunger forced them from their retreat. They came out just at the nine mile house, and scarcely had they reached the main road before they were recognised, and seized by a guard of soldiers, who were just returning in hopelessness from the search. They were seized and reconducted to town—Henry was consigned to the cell as a deserter, and Mary was sent to jail for having offered him assistance.

When Mary, however, was brought before the commanding officer, there was something so ineffably sweet and modest in her appearance, that he determined to enquire thoroughly into the merits of the case before punishment should be pronounced upon them. He took Mary aside, and with a fatherly regard, questioned her as to her motive: her heart opened to his kindness, and she confessed while the blush mantled high upon her cheek, her love for Henry—and that they had deserted from the belief that their union could only be consummated by her lover's freedom. There is something noble and generous in the human heart, if only the right chord be touched. The officer was so affected by her simple narrative, and by the purity and strength of their love, that he exercised his influence and had both pardoned. Nay, he went further, he promoted Henry to a brighter situation, and placed it in his power to make his beloved Mary his betrothed wife. It is also added that he was present himself at the marriage: and as he kissed the young bride, that a tear had fallen on her cheek. I give you the story as I heard it; if it be true, this is a higher laurel than ever a gallant officer won in the field of battle: the laurels reaped there prepare only for glory in this world, and are redeemed and chastened in their pride by tears of misery—but this is an immortal laurel, which will live green beyond the tomb, and be registered in the book of heaven.

Halifax Novascotian.

DANGER OF CROSSING THE ANDES.

The preparations for crossing the Andes, at Uspallata, (the last abode of man on the eastern side,) consists of laying in charcoal, making snow-boots, covering stirrups with wool, to prevent the toes from being frost bitten, pounding chaqui, &c. all indispensably necessary before entering the frozen regions. We add a picture of one of the first passes. We now came to the Jaula, or Cage, from which the pass has its name, where we took up our quarters for the night, under the lee of a solid mass of granite, upwards of thirty feet square, with the clear beautiful heavens for our canopy—Well may this place be called a cape: to give a just idea of it would be next to impossible, for I do not think a more wild or grander scene in nature could possibly exist: nevertheless, I shall attempt a description. The foaming river, branching off into different channels, formed by huge masses of granite *lying* in its course, run between two gigantic mountains of about one thousand five hundred feet high, and not more than two hundred yards distant from each other; so that to look up at the summits of either, we had to lay our heads completely back on our shoulders. Before us, these tremendous mountains met in a point, round which we had just passed, but now appeared as one mountain, closing our view in a distance of not more than four or five hundred yards; behind was the mighty Cordillera, a mass of snow, appearing to block up further progress. Thus were we completely shut up in a den of mighty mountains to look up either way, before, behind, right or left, excited astonishment, awe and admiration: huge masses of granite that had fallen from the awful heights above, lay scattered about, and formed our various shelters for the night. The torrent, which now had become very formidable, rushed down with fury, bounding and leaping over the rugged rocks which lay in its course, keeping up a continued foam and roar, close to our wild resting place. The mules were straying about picking up the scanty shrubs: and our wild, uncouth-looking peons were assembled round a fire, under the lee of a large rock, cooking their unfortunate guanaco, which altogether rendered it a scene most truly wild and surprising.—Here I was much astonished, on touching any part of my woollen clothing, to find electric sparks fly out wherever I put my hand: what was the cause of this, I am not philosopher enough to know; but my companion informed me it was by no means uncommon in dry weather. However, never having heard or seen it before, I take this opportunity of mentioning it; for I must own, it rather surprises me on going to bed, to find fire fly out of my clothes.

The poor mules began stumbling, falling, and slipping but not losing their balance, slipping on their haunches at times thirty or forty feet down the mountain: all this time the peons were shouting, roaring, and whirling their lassoes: at last one mule lost its balance, and over he went, rolling and bounding head over heels, 200 feet down the mountain into the torrent beneath, where he was whirled and dashed against the rocks by the velocity of the current, and much to my astonishment, reached the opposite side of the river apparently little injured by its fall, but its services were lost to us; presently the one with half our provisions lost its hold, and over and over he went; all the lassoes flew at him, when, after bounding all down the mountain, they brought him up just as he reached the torrent, thus saving the poor animal and our provisions; but we lost all our wine, some bread and beef, and a pot for boiling. * * * Every man took his station, and we crawled over as usual, on our hands and knees: the mules then followed, and the most distressing work began; they got frightened, stumbled, and slipped, and cut themselves with the hard snow, to that degree, in their efforts to plunge through it, that the whole tract was covered with blood.—Several lost their balance, and went flying down the precipice, till they were brought up with astonishing dexterity by the lassoes. One poor animal came rolling down, head over heels; neither his struggles nor the lassoes could save him; he bounded like a ball into the torrent, where he rolled round and round, in vain struggling to stem its velocity, being dashed against rocks and stones till he was swept round a point, and I lost all sight of him. Another soon followed, but was more fortunate than his companion, for he succeeded in gaining the opposite shore, where, very much to my astonishment, instead of seeing him lay with every bone in his body broken, he got up upon his legs, and began browsing among the rocks: and thus we lost the services of three.

We soon came to a deperate descent in the side of a mountain, all snow and hard frozen. Now the labor of man commenced. It was with great difficulty the poor peons, being loaded, could keep their footing; several slipped down many feet, and were all but going into the torrent. One fell and rolled down a great way, but fortunately, with the assistance of his stick, saved himself from rolling into the torrent, but not until his ankle was dislocated to the degree that he could not rise to walk again; thus, at first starting, losing his services, and encumbering us with a load more than we had a man to carry. The poor fellow was, from necessity, compelled to crawl his way back to the mules again, for we could do nothing to assist him. From hence nothing but snow was to be seen, and it was truly painful to witness the labor and continued falling of the poor peons, at every step sinking up to their knees. As they stopped to take breath, their cries were most distressing, being a long drawn hey! uttered as if in the most dreadful agony, at the same time leaning on their sticks for support, which would frequently penetrate so deeply into the snow as to throw them flat on their faces, which the weight of their load would bury in the snow, and cause them a great struggle to get out again. About 4 P. M. it came on a heavy mist of snow, and we arrived at the spot where lay the body of the poor peon that had perished a

few days ago. It was pointed out to me by the man that was with him when he died who gazed at it a moment; then looking at me in the face, shook his head with much apparent feeling, lifted up his shoulders, and sighed—"*Pobre companero*," poor companion; then as if stifling a sigh to his memory lifted up his load and hastened forward. Here was reflection for me. I cast my eyes first at his blanched corpse, now covered with snow, then at his companion, then on the dreary regions around me, when, finding a tear of sympathy involuntarily starting to my eyes, I pushed forward, wishing almost to forget I had ever seen it. *Brand's Journal.*

FAIR HELEN OF KIRKCONNEL.

Fair Helen is said to have been a lady of the name of Irving, and to have lived about three centuries ago. She was the daughter of a person of rank, but beloved for her beauty only, by a gentleman named Adam Fleming. Another lover whom she had rejected, entertaining the most fiendish emotions of revenge, stole one day upon their privacy as they were conversing in a bower upon the banks of Kirtle Water, and fired a carbine across the stream at the bosom of Fleming. Helen leapt before her lover, and receiving the shot, immediately fell down and expired. Fleming then drew his sword, pursued the murderer, and is said not to have been satisfied with vengeance till he had cut his body into a thousand pieces. After this he went abroad and served as a soldier in some foreign army; but finding no peace of mind, at last came home and laid himself down upon the grave of his mistress, from which he never again arose. The graves of both the lovers are pointed out in the church yard of Kirkconnel near Springkell; that of Fleming is distinguished by a stone bearing the figure of a cross and sword, with the inscription "Hic jacet Adamus Fleming." A heap of stones is raised on the spot where the murder was committed; and the peasantry still point out the place where Fleming slew the murderer, at a little distance upon the opposite bank of the Kirtle.

FATAL LOVE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF DORING.

At a village in France, two strangers were driven by a storm to seek shelter in the house of a huntsman, named Martin. Here the flame of an unequal love was suddenly lighted up between the fair Aloyse and one of the strangers, of whose dignity the country maiden was entirely ignorant. She accidentally discovered that the object of her heart's adoration was threatened with serious danger, and that his apparent friend, Colonel Montejo, was his concealed enemy. To divert his guests, the huntsman gave a rural *fête*. Madame Gageot, his sister, went to Nevers, to tell all her acquaintances about the agreeable strangers, and to invite some of Aloyse's friends to pass the evening with them, that she might show her young favourite with what tact she managed these matters. The provincial girls, seated under some spreading trees, resembled a wreath of blooming flowers, which exhibited every pale and deeper tint of spring and summer's blossoms. Madame Gageot presided at a large table, covered with fruits and confections. Montejo, under pretence of sudden indisposition, retired precipitately into the house. His companion, who, by his gaiety and engaging manners, had quickly wound himself into the hearts of the youthful party, hastily followed him, but almost as quickly returned, bearing a small casket. He opened it, and, after a short speech, he presented a gift to each of the blushing girls, saying, as he passed from one to the other, it was a remembrance of that happy evening. He placed a sparkling gem in the hair of one, put a brilliant ring upon the finger of another, and fastened a gold comb in the auburn ringlets of a third; and before they had time to recover from their surprise, or reject his offered gifts, they sparkled with the jewels with which he had so profusely ornamented them; and the last rays of the setting sun, which had hitherto, in this happy spot, shone only upon flowers, now fell upon these brilliant gems, and added a dazzling lustre to the wreath.—Struck with astonishment, Madame Gageot and Aloyse gazed upon the scene. Madame, who was deeply read in fairy lore, believed that she beheld some enchanter before her. Aloyse grew pale with a variety of sensations, as she looked upon the munificent stranger. Who could this youth be, who, with such laughing and careless indifference, threw from him what appeared to her to be immeasurable riches? She did not wish to be treated in the same manner as her companions had been. He passed by her with his sparkling gifts; and when he had gone the round of the circle, he set the casket upon the ground, bent down upon a bed of flowers, took from it a violet, and gave it to the gratified Aloyse. "I well knew (he whispered) that I dared not so to approach you, Aloyse. Flowers only are fit for flowers: the daughter of nature loves nature alone. Ah! Aloyse, this violet will be happy, even in withering upon your bosom; but longer, much longer than its short existence, may my remembrance dwell in your heart!" Aloyse felt her heart sink within her; she received the flower with a trembling hand, and glances anxiously around, apprehending that he might have been overheard; but her companions were too deeply engaged to attend to her. They were all busily occupied in comparing their jewels, jesting, and laughing; and were so superlatively happy, that they could scarcely wait with composure for the appointed hour of separating, so impatient were they to return home to exhibit their gifts, and astonish their parents with the extraordinary tale. At length, the hour of departure arrived, and they bade a grateful good-night to their entertainers and the generous stranger; and with light steps they hurried home, holding fast their precious gems.

This incident made a great noise in the village. The girls were closely questioned by their parents, and they spoke so much of the stranger, that people did not know what to think of the matter. They were examined again, and they only repeated that they had received costly presents from a singularly handsome young man, but that his companion had scarcely remainded long enough to throw a glance upon them. The gems were examined by a lapidary, and declared to be of great value; and as there were amongst the girls' parents some of the magistrates, and even the mayor himself, the interesting enigma quickly began to take a somewhat different character.

Aloyse had for some time past, been in the habit of daily visiting a poor old woman, who would scarcely have been able to support a feeble and suffering existence, had she not been supported and consoled by Aloyse's tender and benevolent cares. She devotedly loved her young benefactress, and her little cottage always seemed to be lighted up, when Aloyse made her appearance in it, for she was like a ministering angel to her. The morning after the little festiva , Aloyse set out to visit, as usual, her poor old friend, simply clad, and with her half-withered violet in her bosom. When she entered, Margaret fixed her eyes upon her with a look of so much anxiety, that she tenderly inquired if she wished for any thing. "Nothing, my sweet child," she replied, "while you are with me. I desire only a crown of glory to deck thy pure brow. What now disquiets me is a dream I have had, in which you bore a part. I thought you were threatened by some danger, to which I could give no name. You bent down to seize a sparkling jewel which was rolling toward an abyss; you grasped it, and as you pressed it to your bosom, it pierced you to the heart. I saw you afterwards in a magnificent chamber, where every thing shone with gold, but the gold cast a pale, ghastly shade upon your cheek; and when I observed you more closely, your bright and lovely colour was no longer there—your eyes were closed—you belonged no more to the living." Aloyse shuddered at these words; and thoughts of the jewels of the preceding day sunk deeply into her heart. She felt the wound; but her grief was mingled with so much sweetness, that she could not know it to be a consuming poison.

Montejo was employed by Cardinal Mazarin and the Jesuits to remove the young Prince, in order to pave the way to the throne of Spain for another candidate; and it was on a journey to Toulon that these adventures ensued. At this time, the king of Spain died, and the Ambassadors were on their way to Paris, with his will, and the Spanish Crown, to lay them at the feet of the new Monarch. They were to pass by the residence of Martin; and Montejo now began to fear that his companion—who was Philip of Anjou—would not fall into the snares contrived for his ruin. On her way home from her charitable visit, she overheard the particulars of the attrocious scheme. She remained for an hour immoveable, and lost in deep thought. Now she clearly felt that an invincible barrier lay on her path, and that a deep and impassable gulf separated her from happiness. She was now awakened to all the depth of her love; and an inexpressible anguish mingled itself with her tenderness, for it was evident that some horrible fate was impending over her lover. At this fearful thought, she sprang from the ground, and, while she rapidly pursued her way homewards, endeavoured to think what it was her duty to do. "Away," she thought, "he must not go; I must find out some way of detaining him; he is safe with us." She desired the mayor to prevent the strangers from escaping. "I accuse them (she said) of having stolen those jewels." A thunderbolt could not have occasioned greater astonishment and consternation than these words. She repeated the accusation in a firmer tone. Montejo threw upon her a look of the deepest malignity, while Philip gazed at her in the utmost surprise. Martin dropped a glass of water which he was about to raise to his lips, and Madame Gageot surveyed her from head to foot with angry eyes.—Upon this charge, they were stopped. She watched Philip, during the night, like a guardian angel; and Montejo, enraged at her interposition, wounded her with his dagger, and disappeared. Philip scarcely observed the villain's flight, for all his attention was fixed upon the beautiful bleeding girl at his feet. He raised her up, and held her in his arms—then placed her upon a seat, uncovered her shoulder, tore her handkerchief in two, and stanched her blood. He bent over her, endeavoured to revive her, parted her ringlets from her pale brow, and supported her sinking head. For an hour she thus lay in silent bliss, her cheek resting upon that gentle, and princely hand. "Oh, sir!" she murmured in a soft, low voice, "why was I not wounded to death? why am I not permitted to make thee the only sacrifice that was in my power?" He entreated her to be calm, and they now came to mutual explanations. She related every thing she had heard in the forest; and the more he heard, the more indignant he became.

"Yes!" he exclaimed, "I indeed believe he would have betrayed me. He obtained my friendship and confidence only to lead me more certainly to destruction. Austria, or, perhaps, Spain itself, has sent him to me."

As the envoys from Spain were hourly expected in this part of France, Philip resolved to make himself known to them, and accompany them to Paris. With faltering steps, Aloyse now approached the door of his apartment. She paused; she stretched out her arms toward him. "Philip!"

and her pale trembling lips—"Philip! once only in this life—we meet no more—once only——" She could not finish, but he understood her. He pressed her ardently to his bosom; for one short moment she rested in his embrace, then tore herself away, rushed down the steps, and threw herself upon her couch.

On the arrival of the ambassadors, Philip prepared to depart with them. While they were occupied in despatching expresses to Madrid and elswhere, he retired into the thicket, and motioned to Martin and Aloyse to follow him. He took a kind farewell of the former, and begged him to come and see him in Paris. "But what shall I say to thee? (continued he, turning to Aloyse,) thou gentle, unhappy one! Shall I ever repay thee thy sacrifice and thy tears? Oh, may thy heart soon regain its tranquillity, for we part for ever in this world!" She replied not, but, with deep sobs, pressed his hand to her heart. He embraced her once more, and, laying her on her father's breast, rushed from the spot. After his departure she wept bitterly. Martin bent tenderly over her, and softly named Philip. "Oh my father!" she vehemently exclaimed—"I own my affection for him; I shall love him for ever; he has taken my life with him. Yet be not uneasy, dear father—I shall be composed. Fulfil your promise, and let us set out for Paris instantly."

Louis had already accepted for his grandson the crown of Spain, and the Ambassadors were appointed to a solemn audience. The French nobles were assembled.—A number of men of rank from the young Bourbon's different dominions, even from distant America, arranged themselves round Louis's still empty throne. The ladies of the court were also present; and at their head was the admired, the envied Madame de Maintenon. In the back ground were many persons of the middle rank, spectators of this magnificent scene, and amongst these were Madame Gageot and Aloyse. The door of the royal cabinet was now flung open, and Louis stepped proudly forth, leading his grandson by the hand, with the air and majesty of the master of the world. Beautiful as the son of a god, led by the hand of Jupiter, walked Philip by his side. He was attired in the Spanish costume, sparkling with jewels. The royal mantle flowed gracefully from his shoulders, the sword of Castile glittered at his side, and the feathers of Arragon waved from the diadem that bound his youthful brow. 'Spaniards, behold your King!' said Louis, as he looked with parental pride upon his grandson, whom he presented to them. The ceremony was nearly completed, when Philip's eye fell upon a pale, dying countenance, that looked as if it had risen from the grave to gaze upon him. The colour suddenly fled from his cheek; for it was Aloyse's sweet mournful glance he had encountered, and it was impossible for him to conceal his emotions. His hands trembled in that of Louis, who said in a low voice, "Dost thou tremble, King of Spain!"

Philip departed for Spain; and about a year afterwards, Aloyse went one evening as usual to visit old Margaret. "My child," said she, as she looked upon the pale death-like countenance of her forlorn young friend, "have I not been right with my dream? Oh, that you had never known this death bringing jewel.

"Good mother," replied Aloyse, "do not thus grieve over me; I am not unhappy."

But Margaret remarked such an extraordinary weakness about her, that she determined, although against her wishes, to accompany her on her way home. When they came to the forest, Aloyse felt herself overpowered by great weakness and indisposition, about the place where she had overheard Montejo's treachery. "It was here," said she in a low, stifled voice: "I recollect a particular tree;—it lies there still. Let us sit upon it, good mother." Aloyse seated herself beside Margaret, and laid her head upon her friend's shoulder. The setting sun gilded the leaves with his dying rays. "See," whispered Aloyse, "the sun goes down in Spain! but," she continued, "in his America it rises again, and in his heaven it shines for ever!" These were her last words. She died in Margaret's arms.

BRAINARD.

We presume most of our readers knew, by reputation, John G. Brainard, the late editor of the Connecticut Mirror. He is now dead. He wasted away with lingering consumption, and died at the early age of 32. We do not know the particulars of his birth or education. We have not heard whether his death was quiet or painful. We have sat down to say something about him, because we felt that a man like him should not pass away with his worth unspoken, and his fine spirit unregretted. We knew Brainard slightly—but with that slight knowledge we loved him much. He was a man to win hearts—as highminded, and talent, and generous a being as ever lived under Heaven. We do not know how to speak of him. We hate a measured eulogy of one who needed, or, if alive, would care for it, so little. To those who knew him it is all unnecessary—and to those who did not, it is impossible to say what we would say if our feelings were articulated. Brainard did not make much noise in the world. He was an unassuming and unambitious man—but he had talents which should have made him our pride. They were not showy or dazzling—and perhaps that is the reason why the general eye did not rest upon him—but he had a keen, discriminating susceptibility, and a taste exquisitely refined and true. He was one of those very few but very happy men who learn early a fine inward reliance—a belief in the sufficiency of a severe intellectual worth, which makes the possessor enjoy the world he lives in without leaning upon it It turned the eye in upon himself which might have been turned upon his ambition—and made him love better an hour with his own heart than ten with a world willing to do him honour. With all this, I never knew a man more fond of his friends, or pleasanter in company than John Brainard. The first time I ever saw him, I met him in a gay and fashionable circle. He was pointed out to me as the poet Brainard—a plain, ordinary looking individual, careless in his dress, and apparently without the least outward claim to the attention of those who value such advantages. But there was no person there so much or so flatteringly attended to. He was among those who saw him every day and knew him familiarly, and I almost envied him as he went round, the unqualified kindness and even affection with which every bright girl, and every mother in that room received him. He was evidently the idol, not only of the poetry-loving and gentler sex, but of the young men who were about him—an evidence of worth, let me say, which is as high as it is uncommon. There are very few men capable of leading and shining in society who do not incur the ill will of those in whose way they must sometimes come, and I took pains to find out what I now know, that Brainard had no enemy. It was not that his character was negative or his courtesy universal. There was a directness in his manner, and a plain spoken earnestness in his address which could never have been wanting in a proper discrimination. He would never have compromised with the unworthy for their good opinion. But it was his truth—his fine, open, ingenuous truth—bound up with a character of great purity and benevolence which won love for him. I never met a man of whom all men spoke so well. I fear I never shall.

When I was introduced to him he took me aside and talked with me for an hour. I shall never forget that conversation. He made no commonplace remarks. He would not talk about himself, tho' I tried to lead him to it. He took a high, intellectual tone, and I never have heard its beauty and originally equalled. He knew wonderfully well the secrets of mental relish and developement: and had evidently examined himself till he had grown fond, as every one must who does it, of a quiet, contemplative, self cultivating life. He had gone on with this process till the spiritual predominated entirely over the material man. He was all soul—all intellect—and he neglected therefore, the exciting ambitions and the common habits which keep the springs of ordinary life excited and healthy—and so he died—and I know not that for his own sake we should mourn.

I meant to have said something of his poetry. It is worthy of being brought out and placed high.—It is pure and delicate and sometimes sublime poetry. He wrote literally from impulse—never to get up rhyme, or make gain. His poetical talents were the ministers to his heart, and his friends and his relations had all its devotion. There is no one of them who has not some touching memorial of this kind which he had given them. Every incident which touched his feelings, or was of interest to those he loved, became the subject of his exquisite talent. It is a reputation worthy of a poet—worthy of more than a poet. I would rather live in the hearts of my friends as Brainard will live, than have the honor of the world. I would rather have been Brainard than Byron. I would rather be Brainard than without his memory have my name rung to the corners of the universe.

I say I meant to criticise his poetry. But it is like unfolding the garments of the dead. I cannot go over it anderiticis e it. I should not do it well. I will do it, one day, deliberately. He is dead now, and fame will come too late—but he shall have it, and the glory that he did not covet while living shall burn over his grave.

Boston Statesman.

THE MECHANIC.

If the dignity of things may be measured by their importance to mankind, there is nothing perhaps, which can rank above the Mechanic Arts. In fact, they may be called the lever, the fulcrum, and the power, which moves the world. They do not want the 'whereon to stand' of Archimedes; they have a sufficient foundation in themselves.

What gives to civil nations their superiority over the savage? It is chiefly mechanic arts. By them the beautiful and convenient mansion is substituted for the rude and uncomfortable hut; and "scarlet and fine twined linen" supply the wardrobe in place of the skins of wild animals. They are the foundation of nearly all the improvements and comforts of life, and further, we may say, of the glory and grandeur of the world. By them the farmer ploughs the land; and by them the mariner ploughs the ocean: by them the monarch is adorned with his crown; and by them the peasant is clad in comfortable garments; by them the triumphal arch is raised to the hero; and by them the temple ascends to the Deity; by them the wealthy roll in chariots and loll on couches; by them the table is spread, the bed is decked, the parlor is furnished. To them the poet owes the perpetuation of his fame. Homer sings and Cæsar triumphs in all ages. Through them we are instructed by the wisdom of Plato, and charmed by the eloquence of Cicero; through them we admire the justice of Aristides and the heroism of Leonidas.

And much of this is owing to two single arts, that of printing, and the manufacture of paper. By the former, learning has been rescued from the dark ages; but without the latter, the benefit of printing would be circum-

scribed to very narrow bounds. It is by means of the press, chiefly, that so much of Christendom owes its escape from the thraldom of superstition.

But speaking of the dignity of the mechanic arts, we could not confine them to the mere hand that executes, without thinking of the head that plans; for without the latter, but little more credit would be due to the person who exercises these arts than to the automaton Turk, who mechanically astonishes the world at a game of chess. To produce the great effects we have mentioned, to do so much to enlighten, to beautify and improve the world, to labour for the glory and happiness of others, and yet be ignorant of the springs by which the important movements are carried on, would ill comport with the dignity of the mechanic. He would be (if we may compare small things with great) like the sun in the heavens, which renders light and warmth and comfort to mankind, without itself being conscious thereof.

There is a philanthropy in the mechanic arts. The mechanic who brings to his occupation an inventive, enlightened and enquiring mind, who is master of his craft, in theory as well as in practice, has more of real philosophy in him than twenty of those minute philosophers, who spend their lives in puzzling the world with empty metaphysical speculations, and of whom Cicero speaks with so much deserved contempt. The mechanic who perfectly understands his trade, as well in the principles as the practice of it, gets himself a degree of no inconsiderable honour, and that without the intervention of a college, or the formal vote of a learned corporation. To become an ingenious and enlightened mechanic, it is necessary that the youth who is destined for a trade, should bring to his employment a mind inquisitive, studious, busy, and inclined to mechanical pursuits. Such a mind, with ordinary attention to its cultivation, can scarcely fail of becoming, in a very considerable degree, enlightened. But to the common sources of information, a good many mechanics add a very laudable attention to books, to the periodical publications of the day, and to the associations for mutual improvement. Mechanics' and apprentices' libraries are established, and mechanics' societies are formed, which, by inducing studious habits, interchange of ideas, and collision of sentiments, must tend to improve the minds of the members in a high degree. There is, in fact, at the present time, a very large share of information and solid practical knowledge among the mechanics of this country.

The life of the mechanic, it is true, is a life of labour; and while he wipes the sweat from his brow, he may perhaps murmur at his fate, and envy what he considers the easy lot of the other professions. But where is the business which exempts a man from a life of labour? The life of a judge, and of the first officer under government is a life of labour. But can these "honourable men" build a ship, or raise a spire to heaven, or exercise all or any of the arts which add so much to the comfort and grandeur of the world? These the mechanic can do; and if he duly reflects on the importance of his labours, he can scarcely repine at his lot. *Berkshire American.*

ACCOUNT OF THE MERMAID.

In the month of July 1822, a farmer, of the parish of Llanuwchllyn, about three miles from Aberystwyth, whose dwelling house is within three hundred yards of the sea shore, went down the rocks when the sun was rising, and delightfully beaming on the ocean, and saw a female (as he thought) washing herself in the sea, within a stone throw of himself. At first he, through modesty, retired. On reflection, he thought no female would have gone out so far to sea, seeing it was then in flow, and he was also certain that the water was six feet deep at the place where he saw her standing. On so thinking, he fell on his face, and crept forward to the brink of the precipice; from which he had a complete view of her, for more than half an hour.

After sufficiently looking at her himself, he went back again, and ran to call his family to see this wonderful sight. Having told them what he had seen, he directed them from the doorstead whither to go, and to creep to the edge of the rock as he had himself done. Some of them went but half dressed, for it was early, and they were just risen; and on reaching the place, they saw her about ten minutes, while the farmer was calling his wife and his younger child. When his wife came forward she did not fall down, as the others had done, but walked forward in the sight of the creature. But as soon as the Mermaid saw her, she sank into the water and swam away, till she was about the same distance from the land as she was first seen at; and the whole family, the husband, the wife, and the children, the men and women servants, who in all were twelve in number, ran along the shore for more than half a mile, and for nearly the whole of that time, saw her in the sea, and sometimes her entire head and shoulders were quite above the water.

There was in the sea a great stone, more than a yard high, on which she would stand when she was first seen. She stood out of the water from her waist upwards; and the whole family testify that she was exactly such an one, in respect of shape and size, as a young woman would be of about eighteen years of age. Her hair pretty short, and in colour dark; her face extremely handsome, her neck and arms were as usual, her breasts moderate, and her skin whiter than that of any person they had ever seen before. Her face was towards the land. She often bent as if she was taking up water, and then she held her hand before her face for about half a minute.

When she so bent herself, something black was seen, as if it had been a short tail, turning up behind her. She often made a sort of noise like sneezing, which made the rock resound. The farmer, who had an opportunity of beholding her for so long a time, said that he saw but very few women so fair to look upon as this Mermaid. The whole family, the youngest of whom is eleven years of age, is now living; and we had this account, word for word as it is here given, from themselves, within the last month.—*Welsh Magazine.*

A DANDY IN WANT OF BOOTS.

Our Dandy of three pair of pantaloons memory, and whose name we cannot ascertain, whiled away a comfortable evening at Mrs. *Sniprihbon's* party. It is said that our *dandy* is particularly fond of Mrs. *Sniprihbon*, and that Mrs. *Sniprihbon* blushes and acknowledges that her heart has been carried away captive by our *dandy*. Mrs. *Sniprihbon* is a widow—blowzy, plump, fat, (not especially fair) forty, red hair, brow *narrowish*, eye *yellowish*, (that is the white of her eye!) her nose is not a *scornful* nose, if it *looks* at all it *looks* up—her cheek, (a boiled lobster may be as highly coloured, but we doubt it) her cheek is betwixt a *brick-colour* and a crimson—lips, Christoper Columbus what lips! her two lips are as big as any four lips that can be found in town—and as regards her chin (we can't *very well* have too much of a good thing, although sometimes we may have)—but her chin is a species of two chins united, it's a *double chin!*—in one word Mrs. *Sniprihbon* is a *beauty!!!* Mrs. *Sniprihbon* has a little *cash* too, and our *dandy* knows it. Our *dandy* is determined to "have her" from motives of *pure love* undoubtedly. Our *dandy* sang at Mrs. *Sniprihbon's* party, played on the piano at her party, danced at her party, talked at her party, laughed at her party, and in the most genteel, natural and affectionate manner imaginable, squeezed her hand at her party. Our *dandy* (in the language of a Walter Scott, or a Washington Irving, or a Cooper) "pop'd the question!" Mrs. *Sniprihbon* sidled, blushed, ogled, simpered, "did'nt know," simpered again, then drew a long sigh; then said "you rogue you," and then *consented to change her name!* Our *dandy* had a good pair of *pumps*, a good pair of *shoes*, but his *boots* were "out at the toes," and that would'nt do, especially as he was about to change his condition! He "turned the thing over in his mind." He had failed in getting a suit of clothes, but then it was a consolatory fact, however, which he dwelt upon in his imagination considerably, that he was in possession of *three pair of pantaloons*. Never mind the vest, said he, never mind the coat, but a pair of boots I must have. He calls upon a friend. *Dandy.* Do you like a joke? *Mr Sillyman.* To be sure I do! *D.* I've a capital plan for laugh—ha, ha, ha, I can't help but laugh at the thought of it now. You must know. *S.* Well. *D.* You must know that I have made a bet of a dozen of champaine, (you are to be one of the party) that, ha, ha, ha. *S.* That, what, go on. *D.* ha, ha, ha, that I would submit to your pulling my nose in a shoe store without being offended. *S.* Did you? *D.* O yes, all for a joke and champaigne—fun I say, fun my boy! *S.* How is all this to be done? *D* "Hush, be quiet." I'll tell you. You and I will walk to Mr. Crispin's boot store—I will walk in—you will stand outside the door—I will order a pair of boots,—I have paid for them already for the sake of the joke—(ahem!!!) when I get a *fit*, do you walk in—say you'll pull my nose—I'll get into a rage of course—you tweak my most prominent feature—then run, and I'll run after you, *just for the joke you know!!* *S.* A queer kind of a joke it is too—however, I'll do it to oblige you, and I have no particular aversion to a glass of champaigne and a good "joke." *D.* Say no more, take my arm. [They walk to Mr. Crispin's—*S.* remains outside, and D. walks in.] *D.* Do you think you can *fit* me with a pair of boots? I want the *best*, and a snug *fit*. *Crispin.* I can give you first rate boots and good *fit* I've no doubt. [Here Mr. D. commences examining, trying on, pulling off, till as last he gets a *fit*—he gives a sneeze, a preconcerted signal—in rushes Mr. *Sillyman!*] *S.* Sir, you are the man I've been looking for! *D.* Well, sir, now you have found me [rising] what do you want of me? *S.* Want, sir, I want to pull your nose, you deserve to have your nose pulled, and I will pull it! *D.* If you do I'll knock you down, you scoundrel—I don't know you! *S.* Don't know me, you rascal! *Crispin.* Gentlemen, don't make a noise and create a mob about my door—*boys, go away!!!* gentlemen, do be quiet. *S.* I won't be quiet, I'll pull his nose. *Crispin.* Don't, in my shop, I beg of you. *S.* I will. Do it, if you dare! [S. pulls D.'s nose and runs, and D. runs after S.] *Crispin.* Run after 'em *Joe*, and separate 'em. [Joe runs also—Joe returns.] Did you separate 'em Joe. *Joe.* Separate 'em!! they did'nt want to be separated—when I saw 'em last, they were running *cheek by jowl*, like two race horses—separate 'em!! its all a hoax. *C.* All what? *J.* All a hoak! *C.* Call the watch!!! *J.* Its of no use—its too late—I'll write down one pair of boots missing!! *C.* Hoax—no use—too late—boots missing! Hoax! hang me if I don't call it a hoax and a half—you rascal what are you grinning about? *Joe.* Me, sir! *nothin sir.* *N. Y. Morning Courier.*

WINDSOR CASTLE.

The second grand division of the improvements at Windsor Castle will commence next week, when a number of workmen will commence operations at the Round Tower. The towers that have been recently added to the upper ward, and the additional height given to the whole of that part of the edifice, necessarily diminished

the crown to pre-eminence which the Round Tower had always possessed: but this circumstance had been foreseen from the commencement of the improvements, and a magnificent addition to the present building was designed in the original plan, and is now about to be carried into execution. The admirers of antiquity will be gratified to learn that the original structure will be untouched, and the rooms within whose walls captive Monarchs have confessed the superior prowess of the British lion, will still remain as in the days of our Edwards and our Henrys. From the interior of the present tower, an additional one, thirty feet in height, will be erected on a foundation of inverted arches, and on the summit of that, a small mast will be placed, on which the Royal Standard will be hoisted at an elevation of fifty-five feet above its present height. The style of architecture will be perfectly symmetrical with the remainder of the building, and its noble appearance, when completed, will more than ever entitle it to be termed 'the proud keep of Windsor, rising in the majesty of *proportion*, and girt with the double belt of its kindred and coeval towers.' The furniture of the Earl of Harrington, who, as Governor of the Castle, occupied the tower, has been removed from the apartments, and the valuable paintings secured from the possibility of injury. It is expected that the execution of the design will occupy two years; and it is not intended to make any material alteration in the Lower Ward, till the expiration of that period. In the event of his Majesty's residing at the Castle this autumn, we understand that it is definitively arranged to at the North Terrace (by far the most extensive, and commanding the greatest variety of prospect) will remain open for the public; and when the improvements at the Round Tower shall be advanced to a sufficient state of forwardness, it is intended to give still further facilities for the general accommodation of visitants. The principal Royal apartments are now entirely completed, and present a combination of architectural beauty and internal grandeur unequalled in Europe. The richness of the decorations in some of the principal rooms is finely contrasted with the chaste simplicity of the corridor into which they open, its only ornament consisting of some of his Majesty's most valuable cabinet paintings. The flower garden, bounded by the Pentagon Terrace, has been laid out into a variety of walks and parterres; and the shrubs and plants are ready for removal to their new sites, whenever orders to that effect are issued, which are daily expected. It is confidently expected that his Majesty will dine at the Castle on the 12th of August, on which occasion entertainments and rejoicings, on an extended scale, will take place in the town. *Eng. Paper.*

ANNUAL CONSUMPTION OF LONDON.

The number of oxen annually consumed in London has been estimated at 110,000, calves 50,000, sheep 770,000, lambs 250,600, hogs and pigs 200,000, besides animals of other kinds. The total amount of butcher's meat sold at the principal market, which is Smithfield, is estimated at 3,000,000l. annually. There are on an average annually brought to Billingsgate market, 2,500 cargoes of fish, of forty tons each, about 20,000 tons by land carriage; in the whole 120,000 tons. The supply of poultry being inadequate to the demand, the prices are consequently high, and that article is mostly confined to the tables of the wealthy. The consumption of wheat in London may be estimated at 900,000 quarters, each containing eight Winchester bushels; of porter and ale 2,000,000 barrels, each containing thirty-six gallons; spirits and compounds, 11,000,000 gallons; wines 65,000 pipes; butter 21,000,000 pounds. The quantity of coals consumed is about 1,500,000 chaldrons of 36 bushels, or a ton and a half to each chaldron. About 9,000 cows are kept in the vicinity of London, for supplying the inhabitants with milk, and they are supposed to yield nearly 7,900,000 gallons every year; even this great quantity, however, is considerably increased by dealers, who adulterate, by at least one fourth with water, before they serve their customers.—The difference of feeding cattle about the year 1700 and at the present period, 1828, is strikingly illustrated by the following comparison:—in the year 1700 the average of the oxen sold in London market was 370 lbs.: of calves 50 lbs.: of sheep 23 lbs.: and of lambs 18 lbs.: the present average weight is, of oxen 800 lbs.: of calves 140 lbs.; of sheep 80 lbs.; and of lambs 50 lbs.

HERCULANEUM.

The story of this city is soon told. Like Pompeii, it was totally destroyed by the eruption of Vesuvius in the year 79. But the destroying element was very different from the ashes which covered the other city. Herculaneum was buried and hermetically sealed, sixty feet deep in liquid lava, which on cooling, became like stone. Thus far, it has been more than a match for the workmen employed. The site of the city has been ascertained, and an immense Theatre developed sixty feet below the surface. The city proves to be directly under the modern town of Portigi. This is another serious obstacle to excavations. They would be done at the peril of the modern town. While exploring the dark recesses of the Theatre by torch light, we heard the vehicles trundling along the streets over our heads, with the noise of thunder. In spite of all these impediments, a grand effort is about to be made, to bring to light the long lost ruins of Herculaneum. The world of taste and letters will await the result with the most anxious solicitude. *Journal of a Traveller.*

MEMORY AND NONSENSE.

A person was boasting in Foote's presence, of the extraordinary facility with which he could commit any thing to memory, when the modern Aristophanes said he would write down a dozen lines in prose which he could not repeat, from memory, in as many minutes. A wager was instantly laid, and Foote produced the following:—

"So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage leaf, to make an apple pie, and at the same time a great she bear coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. What, no soap? So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picknannies and the Joblillies, and the Garynies, and the grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots."

Such a mass of unconnected nonsense defied the memory, and the wit won his wager.

THE EMERALD.

BALTIMORE...SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1828.

The senior editor of the Yankee and Boston Literary Gazette, in his march of *utility*, is the very Moloch of old maids and single gentlemen. The Bachelors' Journal was sometime since sacrificed to Hymen, and the offering occasioned much surprise and conjecture; but Time, which brings all things to light, has cleared up the difficulty, and Neal's *quid pro quo* for the act, has turned out to be a very *valuable consideration*. As a brother quill, we can't help pleading for his happiness by declaring at least a *quantum meruit*.

THEATRICAL.—The attractions at the theatre have, of late, been such as to have warranted the expectation of full houses each night. Miss ROCK has raised the admiration of every one who has witnessed her superior acting in comedy and in melo-drama, and her songs have been exceedingly well received. Now is the time for people to regret that they have not seen the performances of this accomplished lady: that they have not heard her delicious music; but regret comes too late. Play-going people have, however, one more chance before the season closes of seeing Mrs. STOMAN in some of her favourite characters. Her *Mrs. Beverly* cannot be equalled in this country.

THE PLEASURES OF AUTUMN.—This is the favourite season of all others. Autumn has past his zenith, and will be soon no more; but while he remains we have opportunities for diversified enjoyment. The man of intellect feels his imagination invigorated by the warm influence of an Indian summer, and his thoughts flow more freely, and his physical powers are quickened to a livelier sense of pleasure by the recurrence of the genial season. The morning star shines through its dewy pathway with greater brilliancy, and the orange sky of evening assumes a richer vesture, as it were to shame the excellence of a Claude. Now is the sportsman's pastime; for as he glides over the still water, through the morning mist, his eye kindles with a new expression, as the red-head plashes the wave, while he dives for the kingly canvass-back; or when the partridge whirs away from the setter and falls before the fowling-piece, ere it adorn the larder with its clusters of feathery beauty. Now, the epicure smacks his lips, and feels the weight of wild fowl, and with a scrutinizing eye, ponders over a saddle of mutton or a round of stall-fed beef; now, whiskey-punch makes the tea-kettle musical; and the frying-pan and the stew-pan, and the knife and the gridiron, spread terror among the oysters, while Clagett's beer foams with its own recommendation. Now is the time for tailors and mantua-makers to smile and look their prettiest; for mamma has opened her trunks of winter clothing and finds that Tommy's sleeves are too much soiled for Sabba' day wear, and Jemima has prevailed on papa to give her a new bonnet and pelisse. Now is the time for people to walk unusually erect, and to appear more dignified than ever, and to attend the several churches they have neglected all summer;—for the best broad-cloth is to be had on long credit, and Tick is their unfailing friend.

Now is the time for visiting the kitchen, and for enjoying the dairy; for the hearth is populous with stone jugs, and the largest kettle is on the crane for pickling; while the squashes look down with a green and yellow melancholy on the preparations of the oven. Now the butter kegs are filling fast, and the cider-mill sings out like the wheels of a frost-bitten wagon. Now is the time for people to turn over in the morning, for the enjoyment of an extra nap; for the blanket feels comfortable, and the morning dew is an apology for sleeping. Now come the pleasures of breakfasting; for while the sun shines through the windows, the cakes are smoking on the table, and the sausage-meat obliges you to put down the newspaper unfinished. Now is the time for squirrels to grow fat on nuts, and the proprietors of steam-boats and stages to pocket their dividends; for the country traders are hastening to the city to supply themselves with a winter stock, and the merchants are obliged to order an extra dish for dinner, while the laundress reaps the benefit of clean table cloths. But of all the luxuries and comforts which are at this season afforded, there is none like watching the coals in the evening twilight, while the light of the gas-man's torch gleams on the walls as he passes; or that joy when the parlour lamps are lighted, and we close the shutters, and wheel the sofa round, after the manner of Cowper's best imagining, while we drink the liquor that cheers, but not inebriates, and the smiles of affection and love create their matchless paradise.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

ON MUSIC.

When far from the scenes of my childhood I rov'd,
Forgotten by those whom my bosom held dear,
I caught the mild strain of a song that I lov'd
In the days of my youth, stealing soft on my ear.
How welcome, how blissful the feeling it gave!
It told me of pleasures long, long past away:
And I question'd myself—if these numbers still live,
Oh! why should remembrance so quickly decay!

Oh! music! what language can breathe so like thee,
New life on the heart that is sinking in death!
How cold and how cheerless existence would be,
Were our cares not appeased by thy life-giving breath.
When the strain of my girlhood passed slowly along,
It brought me again to my own fireside;
And I caught every note of the soul-stealing song,
To store in and cherish the dream ere it died.

MATILDA.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE TWO DOGS OF BALTIMORE.

'Twas at the hour when people think
That Nature needs a little drink;
When thirsty souls their watches read,
To authorize a higher head;
About the time the INDIAN QUEEN,
Takes pity on the dry and lean;
That two well educated dogs,
Leaving the stable-yard to hogs,
Crept slyly where BELTZHOOVER's luncheon,
Calls many a votary to the puncheon,
Thinking to get a bone, to stay
Their stomachs for another day;
But as they waited long in vain,
A single scrap of meat again,
Like beings of a biped nation,
They entered into conversation.

NOTCH.

Friend Jerry! 'tis confounded hard,
In these dull times to work the card;
I've grown so lean, and feel so stupid,
I've lost all reverence for Cupid.
We cannot roam at large, and play
Where'er we please our time away,
While *hydrophobia* the rage is,
And nought but *steam* the world engages.
Pray let me have your candid mind,
On things relating to mankind.

JERRY.

Alas! my friend, you little know
What ills I daily undergo;
With scarce a rat *per diem* granted,
To satisfy what hunger wanted.
How then can you expect my brain,
Clear philosophic views to gain;
For "*Sine Cerere*" applies
To morals, as to ladies' eyes;
As Epictetus—yea, or Zeno,
Would tell you, if they felt as *we* know
They must have felt, when luncheon hours
Called them to stimulate their powers.

NOTCH.

Time was, that when the brains were out,
The man would die, without a doubt,
But now he never long remains,
Whose noddle has an ounce of brains.
"*Conscience avaunt!*" is all the toast,
With "*Devil take the hindermost.*"
Genius is blowing his last spark,
Low in the mud at water-mark;
While Science, like a musing madam,
Twittles her thumbs, as though she had 'em
For nothing else; the more's the pity,
In this fine monumental city.

JERRY.

You talk, sir, like a stupid slave;
A saucy, nutmeg-yankee knave;
Go, buy a load of wooden clocks,
And hawk them round for weather-cocks;
But never prate to me of *Taste*,
Or Learning on her *throne* disgraced.
Is not this place the modern Rome?
Yea, more! Minerva's second home!
Has not our Athenæum more
Rare works, than *Omar* burnt of yore?
Are not its rooms, exclusive, saved
For books that Time's fell hand have braved?
And not like Athenæum—I know,
Let out for any body's rhino;
Would you believe it? I have known
One Athenæum—one alone,
Where SANFORD taught the way to box,
And scrub sett-tos were orthodox;
Yea—where the largest hall was free,
To tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.
Have we not *public lib'ries* gratis,
Where every gentlemen, whose pate is
Inclined, can use them for advancing
His own improvement, or enhancing
The stock of valuable knowledge,
Which very few have got at college;
Have we not *Theatres and Circuses*,
Crowded so full, that none can *jerk us his*
Sharp elbow, save the glorious fiddler,
While *Macbeth, Lear* or *Jerry Diddler*,
Or gallant steeds engage our eyes,
And roll them up in ecstacies?
Have we not *public schools* for youth,
Well organized, where all, forsooth,
Can get an education, fit
For hardy rustic or for cit?
Have we not *gall'ries*, where the Arts
Kindle the rapture of all hearts?
Have we not *literary journals*,
Well patronized as are diurnals;
Are not the means of trade unshackled
By *licenses*, to others tackled?
In short, sir, is there one thing needed,
In this metropolis unheeded—
Except the smile of *Andrew Jackson?*

NOTCH.

When *he* is president, we'll *lack* sun;
And you, who hope to be regaled,
Shall only find yourselves *curtailed*.
But fare you well! though I would munch,
I see no chance to get a lunch;
Yet, ere I go, I'll bet a liver,
That *Jackson's* sails will shortly shiver!

JERRY.

Done! for a liver and a gizzard;
Though I am lean as any lizard.
We'll meet again before November.

NOTCH.

Beware the Nones of March—remember!

(Enter black John, with a cold leg of mutton, who gives the dogs a kick, and they exeunt in disgust.)

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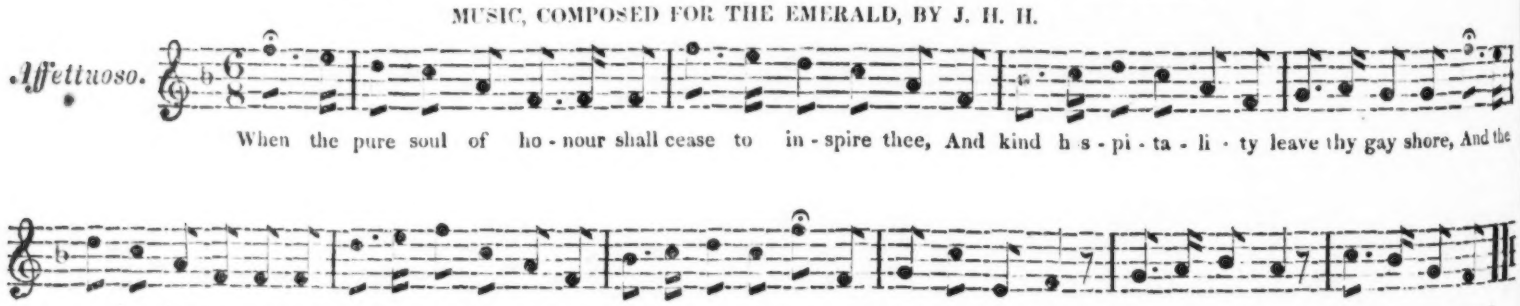
ERIN, MA VOURNEEN—WORDS BY THOMAS MOORE.

MUSIC, COMPOSED FOR THE EMERALD, BY J. H. H.



When the trumpet of fame shall have ceased to proclaim thee,
Of heroes the nurse, as in ages of yore;
And the muse and the records of genius disclaim thee,
Then Erin, ma Vourneen, I'll love thee no more.

When thy brave sons shall cease to be gen'rous and witty,
And cease to be loved by the fair they adore;
When thy daughters shall cease to be virtuous and pretty,
Then Erin, ma Vourneen, I'll love thee no more.